CONWAY'S LIFE OF PAINE.

A WORK OF VINDICATION.

THE LIFE OF TROMAS PAINE. With a History of this Literary, Political and Religious Career in America, France and England. By Moneure Daulti-Conway. In Two Volumes. 8v6, pp. aviii-220: 487. G. P. Futham's Sons.

It is a curious fact, but it is a fact, that Mr. Conway's life of Thomas Paine is the first real biography of him that has been written. Socalled lives of him are extant, but not one of them is trustworthy, and several of them are, in the main, monstrous and malignant fictions. very worst is that of Cheatham, but even Rickman's, which was written by a friend and ar admirer, errs only less seriously on the side of indiscriminating enlogy. There is in all these old biographies of Paine a certain resemblance to campaign documents. Faine, while living, was, in fact, an "issue" for and against which men took sides; and their estimate of the man was largely affected by their views upon the doctrines he taught. It has been a part of Paine's unhappy destiny that the calumnies of his enemies should have formed public opinion concerning him; nor has any serious attempt been made, until Mr Conway took the work in hand, to get at the historical truth of the matter, and to put Paine

before the world as he really was Mr. Conway reminds us that historians of reputation have quite recently indersed the old slanders on Paine, rather than go to the trouble of accertaining the truth. One of them not long age referred to the author of "Confirmonsense" as "filthy little atheist." Now this characteriza tion reminds us of the story about Cuvier and the crab. A lexicographer submitted to the great naturalist this definition of a crab: "A small red fish which walks backward." Cuvier observed that the definition was correct save in three particulars. "The crab," said he, "is not red; it is not a fish, and it does not walk backward." So it may be said of the characterization of Paine. He was not filthy, he was not little. and he was not an atheist. On neither of these points can there any longer be the slightest room for controversy. But it deserves to be said, in excuse for the erroneous views so long and so generally entertained concerning Paine's career and character, that Mr. Conway has had a very difficult task to perform. No praise can be too high, indeed, for the perseverance and industry with which he has thrown himself into the work clews, mined in government archives, and utilized every scrap of attainable information. Fault may be found perhaps with his spirit, at times, but there is no probability that, after this thorough inquest, any new light will be thrown upon the

Thomas Paine did not owe all his misfortunes to the malice of enemies or the apathy of friends and financial ability he had not the capacity is, according to purely worldly standards. might have laid the foundations of a handsome fortune with the profits of his great pamphlet "Commonsense," but he chose to make a virtual gift of it to his country. The result was that ofter more than two hundred thousand copies had been sold, he found himself indebted to the publisher. He did not understand human nature, or be would have known better than to put dolieved that it was unnecessary to make any provision for his own future, for that the people he What must have been the thoughts of Washingten's friend and companion at Valley Forge when a few years after "the time that tried men's souls," he found himself hooted and pelted in the

It has been said that Paine was after all only a pamphleteer. If so, he was the greatest pamphleteer who ever lived, for there can be no question that during the War of Independence writings influenced and controlled the direct tion of events more than any other one thing. opinion was greatly exercised over Washington's of his movement. Paine alone stopped an organized effort to procure the removal of the Com Washington esteemed and admander-in-Chief. mired him greatly, and declared later that he had contributed as much as any man to the successful issue of the war. Why was it, then, when every influence seemed propitious, when apparently and beauty. If the Paine from going down to history side by side with those of Washington and Jefferson, Madison and Monroe-be should have missed his oppor-

His unworldly temperament no doubt counted for very much in his failure. A more unselfish man never breathed. His enthusiasm and devotion were for great principles and for the advancement of humanity. It is an imperishable honor to his memory that almost his first utterance in America was a protest against slavery. Whether Mr. Conway is right in his conjecture that Palne wrote the rejected anti-slavery article for the Constitution, and the view taken in these volumes is after all only speculative, it certainly would have been just like him. This also would have illustrated his carelessness of his personal intercats, for slavery even then was a vested interest, and not to be attacked with impunity. Even Washington found it too strong to be defled, and yielded his own convictions regarding it for the sake of harmony. But Paine had no worldly prudence. Wherever he saw a wrong he attacked it, and he let the consequences take care of themselves. Of course this made him enemies, and tended to blight his career, but that career might be described as a career of making and then throwing away brilliant opportunities. In refusing to take any office he put obstacles in his own path, and as his optimistic ideas of popular gratitude proved baseless, he was forced presently to make applications for help to his friends in power, which were humiliating and inconsistent with his avowed

He went to France very heavily handicapped by his ignorance of the language. But he had time enough to have learned it during the years of his residence in the country, and why he did not do so is a mystery upon which Mr. Conway throws no light. True to bimself he exerted all his energies on behalf of humanity during the earlier part of the Revolution. He tried to save the He tried to save the Girondins. There is much obscurity in the history of his relations with Robespierre, whom he always regarded as his enemy, to whom he ascribed his imprisonmentyet who did not bring him to the guillotine. It is true that an order for Paine's trial (which was equivalent to sentence of death was found among Robespierre's papers after his death. It is doubtful what measures of faith can be put in the legend about Paine's escape from the guillotine through the device of marking his door on the wrong side. Perlaps Mr. Conway may be right in his conjecture

the situation. The moment Monroe demanded the release of Paine the prison doors flew open; which shows that the French Government had been

waiting for its ene from Washington. We are inclined to suspect that in all this foggy story of intrigue and conspiracy Mr. Conallows too little weight to Paine's vanity, which constantly led him to assume an amount of importance not conceded to him, as a rule, by the majority of his contemporaries. Of the greatness of his services and the brilliancy of his talents there ought not to be two opinions; but his self-estimate was counterbalanced by the obtrusion which led him to relegate his personal interests to the second rank, and one consequence of this was that men of the world were apt to regard him as a "crank." It was, however, not possible for the author of "The Rights of Man' and "The Age of Reason" to avoid persecution or to live a happy life. Of the last-named work Mr. Conway furnishes an elaborate analysis. It is sufficient to say that the charge of atheism, long and obstinately preferred against Paine, falls to the ground completely under a bare statement of his own language; and that there is in his negative attacks upon the false accretions of bristianity nothing to be compared for a moment with those infinitely more serious positions of the Dutch and German Schools which caused so much controversy early in the century.

Thomas Paine was in no sense an atheist. He was a pronounced Deist, and he wrote in favor of Christian reform of a character which has been proceeding ever since his time. Why he was attacked so ferociously was because he was both a political and a religious reformer, and the enemies he made on either side united against him. The British Government hated him for the "Rights of Man," and stirred up the cergy to pursue him for "The Age of Reason, and the coincilence of political, governmental and ecclesiastical rancor produced an ohslaught in which all idea of equity, veracity and self respect was cast to the winds, and a Paine legend was invented which has, for nearly a hundred years, misguided opinion. A highly interesting chapter is devoted by Mr. Conway to Paine's personality, and to examination of the calumnies invented against the philosopher. The old view of Tom Paine is that of a dirty, drunken, immoral wretch, whose tongue was set on fire of hell, and who lived only to do as much devilish mischief as possible. Candid and impartial inquiry shows that this view is purely fabulous A mass of evidence is adduced proving that Paine lived a cleanly life, that he dressed and comported himself as a gentleman, that he was temperate in his habits, drinking really less than the average man of his time, that his manners were courtly and polished, that men of the highest mark, intellectually and socially, courted his

society.

Nor is this all. It is seen that he was perfectly consistent in his life. His philanthropy was genuine. It was his rule of life. He was always helping the distressed at his own expense, he eared nothing for his own confort. Luxury he would not have. Had he been what is called a prudent manager, he might have secured a decent provision in his old age. But his benevo-lence exposed him to the machinations of secun-drels, and he knew not how to defend himself. onsidering the treatment he experienced at the hands of his countrymen during his last years, there would have been some excuse for him had the bitterness of his soul tempted him to some excesses. But while his heart was breaking, he retained his self-respect, and fived decorously and sixed self-respect, and fived decorously

and simply.

Mr. tonway's book is well and honestly done. In a work of vindication, such as this unavoidably is, it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to avoid some appearance of partiality. Yet we discens little of this in these volumes. Paine certainly appears transfigured; but it is Paine certainly appears transfigured; but it is the exhibition of the truth which transfigures him. The life of such a man is full of pathos, as is the case with all reformers and all who seek to be benefactors of their kind; and the less worldly such a man is, the more fiercely will the world turn upon and rend him.

WITH THE SINGERS.

SOME RECENT POETRY.

pp. 215. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

DREAMS AND DAYS. By George Parsons Lathrop
12mo. pp. 188. Charles Scribner's Sons. FLOWER OF THE VINE. By William Sharp. Will Introduction by Thomas A. Janvier. 12mb, pp 188. Charles L. Webster & Co.

THE CONG OF THE SWORD, and other verses. By W. E. Henley. 10mo, pp. 102. Charles Scribner's

THE WINGS OF ICARUS. By Susan Marr Spaiding. Sm. 4to, pp. 111. Boston: Roberts Brothers. of Oriental tales in verse, and several of them are of decided force; chosen in order the sooner to reach the headwaters As stories the poems are nearly faultiess. But an Oriental tale should be inspired by the spirit of the East, and Mr. Bates has, we think, put too much modernity and too much of the Western philosophy into his work. It could perhaps hardly be otherwise quality of mercy which the poet endows so many of its Eastern rulers with was little known among the Orientals themselves, nor was magnanimity one of their salient virtues. Nevertheless these tales are their salient virtues.

Mr. Lathrop's volume of verse is so varied and wide can not find some congenial verse in it. It is un acteristics. His easy melody, graceful fancy and tender and he can be virtle. His capabilities are great within a well-defined pole. His work, indeed, is so evenly good, as a rule, that one is apt to wonder why he does not manifest more ambition. Thus one remembers that few ambitions poets in these de generate days compass anything mor egratifying than oblivion. Still there is in Mr. Lathrop's poetry a cer tain avoidance of deep issues. All that is graceful the question is of those graver topics which move the minds of men he is to seek. What he undertakes he does well. We only regret that he does not under

duction to the poems of the young Scotchman, William Sharp. This prefactory calogy is hardly calculated to help the volume, for the judicious render will decline upon the verse itself with a feeling of disappoint ent. The volume contains "Romanite Ballads, romantic ballads open with "The Weird of Michael Scott," an exceedingly night-mareish poem, yet which somehow leaves the reader perfectly cold and falls to call up the least adumbration of the supernatural. Some of the other ballads are less mechanical, none of them are mature. The same must be said of the Italian verse, all of which is unrhymed and much of which has a curiously lifeless and artificial aspect. The truth is that Mr. Janvier has thundered too loud in his preface. A quieter and less assuming introduction would have left the public free to form a rational and candid indgment. Mr. Sharp may go far, no doubt, but the carnest here given does not promise the greatest things for the poet's hereafter, and it will assuredly do him no good to receive any part of the guerdon of merit in advance of performance.

No one can deny to Mr. Henley's verse the quality Whether all his verse is entitled to be called poetry, is perhaps another question. There is nothing soft abo deep problems, and in an almost fiercely energetic manner. The "Song of the Sword," which opens this

WHERE MAPS ARE USELESS.

JOURNEYS INTO UNEXPLORED PARTS, OF NORTH AMERICA.

THE BARREN GROUND OF NORTHERN CANADA To follow with even the latest of ordinary maps

the line of Mr. Pike's journey it will be necessary for the reader to imagine a chain of lakes extending along the 112th meridian from a point on Great Slave Lake about midway between the 62d and 63d parallels of north latitude to a point on the 64th parallel. As the adventurous traveller had no instruments with which to test his obserhowever, which his investigations make clear is that the lakes he describes exist in a region which has been delineated as a blank. The largest of these bodies of water which Mr. Pike named Lake Mackay is supposed to be about 100 miles long and lies about the same distance north of Great Slave Lake. The interval is filled up with small crowded into the space on the chart. But these are not connected with each other and the waterway that really exists between the two great lakes is Lockhart's River, which flows almo a half-circle east, south and south-west from Lake Mackay through Aylmer, Clinton Golden, Ptarmigan and Artillery Lakes into McLeod's Bay. From the point where Mr. Pike left Great Slave Lake for his journey northward another chain of lakes leads off northeastwardly to the head of of how completely unknown a great part of the British Possessions is to all except the Indian and half-breed hunters who traverse it in search of caribou and musk-ox.

Apparently it was the desire of shooting a musk-ox that led Mr. Pike on his journey, a journey marked by the usual dangers and privations which were endured-or at all events, have been described with imperturbable good nature. He with on account of a disposition to quarrel and ceases to wonder at the failure of expeditions like Pike's narrative how often these wild men, both half-breeds and Indians were brought to the verge of death by famine. When the caribou-as it has a trick of doing-took a new course in its migracould come up with the animals. In the foggy, Mackay, it was impossible to sight game at any distance, and the author has a curious story of the way the whole camp was excited by seeing an yards the quarry disappeared; the first man had

The explorer had a thorough disproof of the he says: "I never saw children more hopelessly lost than these men accustomed all their lives Barren Grounds travel." In this case, after they asleep, Mr. Pike was awakened by a tremendous proar. Indians and half-breeds were repeating the chant Hi hi be, he hi he, while the dogs fat It appears that one of the mer, had discovered a sta blinking through a rift in the clouds and the noise was intended to bring out one of the large constellations, by which the travellers might tak their bearings. When day dawned it was found that the march through the storm had been in a wide circle, and while the party had walked at least fourteen miles, it was only five miles from

Two journeys were made to the Barren Grounds by the line of lakes lying along the 117th meridian. but when Mr Pike determined to spend the whole of one short Arctic summer on that remote table land which is in reality only the area of waters he and his native companions followed the chain of lakes already mentioned, which led northeast to Aylmer Lake. This route was canoes as far as Lake Beechey. In returning to the south Mr. Pike and his companions followed the course of Lockhart's River from Aylmer Lake to Great Slave Lake and found no little reason for complaining of the maps now in use as innocurate; and to a party with scant supplies dangenerously misleading.

The book throughout is the writing of a sports man. Here is the description of the killing of the first musk-ox: "Soon after leaving camp we came to a rough piece of country, full of patches of the broken rocks that I have described, and mounting a small hill, saw a single old bull walking directly toward us at a distance of 300 yards. We lay down in the snow, and I had a capital chance of watching him through the glasses as he picked his way quietly over the slippery rocks, a sight which went far to repay all the trouble we had taken in penetrating this land of desolution. In crossing an ecasional piece of level ground, he walked with a curious rolling motion, probably accounted for by the waving of the long hair on the flanks; this hair reaches almost to the ground, and gives the legs uch an exaggerated appearance of shortness that, at first sight, one would declare the animal to be incapable of any rapid motion. The shaggy head was carried high, and when he finally pulled up at sight of us, within 40 yards, with his neck slightly arched and a gleam of sunshine lighting up the huge white boss formed by the junction of the horns, he presented a most formidable appear-His fate was not long in doubt, as my first shot settled him, and the main object of my trip was accomplished; whatever might happen after this I could always congratulate myself on having killed a musk-ox, and this made up for a great deal of the misery that we had afterwards to un-

While resting at Fort Resolution-a post of the Hudson Bay Company near the lower end of Great Slave Lake-in the interval between his journeys to the Barren Ground, the traveller made trial of ; kind of sport that is rare now in North America. He hunted and shot a buffalo. The animal haunts the forest in small numbers, and is called the wood-buffalo, but Mr. Pike believes that it is essentially the same as the bison which once roamed the plains in such numbers. He also argues that the difference between the migrating caribon of the barren plains and the caribon of the forests is merely the result of the diverse habitat of the two animals.

The last journey described in the book was a disastrous one, owing mainly to an unfortunate choice manner. The "song of the sword," which ones this total Robespierre was governed by what he thought the wishes of the American Government, which he wished to saristy. But if that be true it height sus the responsibility of Gouverfieur Morris, where accountability for the retention of Pamerican persons to be put beyond serious dispute. Mr. Conway, however, extends his theory of Morris's part in what he calls the "conspiracy" said what he calls the "conspiration of the latter in all probability destroyed the long friendship between "Washington and Paines. His train all his port, late sounds form and the superscion of that letter in all probability destroyed the long friendship between "Washington and Paines. His train all his port, late sounds form and it is a form well appeal to them. Sie has a time ear for rightin, a clear, and the hought which come to be read to the best of the bes of companions, and to the unexpected setting in of

has already been made to the dislike he conceived for at least one tribe of half-breeds. But he seems to have regarded the aboriginal Vellow They are not an enterprising hardly a brave race-their dread of the Exquimat amounts to a superstition—but they are reasonal ly truthful and faithful. He found the following tradition of the deluge among them: "Many years ago, so long ago in fact that as yet no man and appeared in the country of the Slave Lake, the animals, birds and fishes lived in peace at friendship, supporting themselves by the abundan produce of the soil. But one winter the snow fel far more heavily than usual; perpetual darkness set in, and when spring should have come the snow; instead of melting away, grew deeper and deeper. This state of affairs lasted many months, vations, his charts and descriptions will doubtless have to be corrected in many details. The point, living; many died of want, and at last it was decided in grand council to send a deputation to heaven to inquire into the cause of the strange events, and in this deputation every kind of animal, bird and fish was represented. They seem to have had no difficulty in reaching the sky, and pass ing through a trap-door into a land of sunshine and lakes so hear each other that seventeen are pleaty. Guarding the door stood a deerskin lodge resembling the lodges now in use among the Yellow Knives; it was the home of the black bear, an animal then unknown on earth. The old bear had gone to a lake close at hand to spear caribou from a canoe, but three cubs were left in the lodge to take care of some mysterious bundles that were hung upon the cross-poles; the cubs refused to say what these bundles contained and appeared very anxious for the return of the old hear. Now the idea of spearing caribou did Aylmer Lake. All this gives a very vivid idea not find favor with the deputation from below. and as the canoe was seen lying on the shore of the lake, the mouse was despatched to gnaw through the paddle, and as he had nearly accomplished this feat the bear came running down in pursuit of a band of caribou that had put off from the far shore. When he was close up to the paddle suddenly broke, and the canoe capsized and the bear disappeared beneath the water. Then the animals, birds and fishes grew to the earth: these they threw down through a transfoor to light the world and melt the snow. which by this time covered the tops of the tallest pine-trees. The descent from heaven was not made without some small accidents. The beaver split his tail and the blood splashed over the lynx, so that ever afterwards till the present day the beaver's tail is flat and the lynx is spotted; the moose flattened his nose, and many other casualties occurred which account for the peculiarities of various animals, and the little bears came tumbling down with the rest. And now the snow began to melt so quickly that the earth was covered with water; but the fish found for the first time that they could swim, and carried their friends that could not on their backs, while the ducks set to work to pull up the land from beneath the water. But it was still hard to make a living, so the raven, then the most beautiful of birds was sent to see if he could find any place where dry land was showing; but coming across the carcass of a caribou he feasted upon it although the raven had never before caten anything bit berries agd the leave of the willow. For this offence he was transformed into the hideous bird that we know, and to this day is despised of every living thing; even man will not eat of the raven's flesh unless under pressure of starvation. The parmigan turns white when the snow begins to fall in the Barren Ground, thus warns the animals that winter is at hand.*

Following the fashiou of the present day. Mr. Pike sees in this tale a mixture of savage ideas with the teachings of French missionaries. But it would take a microscope of high power to find the Christian elements in it.

Francois Coppee, who has been called the French Tennyson, is unmarried, and leads a quiet life of study in the Christian elements in it.

Francois Coppee, who has been called the French Tennyson, is unmarried, and leads a quiet life of study in the Christian elements in it. without some small accidents. The beaver split

the Christian elements in it.

THE TURN OF THE ROAD.

There's a gleam of rusted gold,
And a blink of eave stained wail.

Ly the hare a root of so,
Where a thatched roof huddles low;
And a day will seldem fall
But its injectess, bent and old.
Hime frost hadr and liftle red shawl.
Thro's her black gapped decaway fares,
Very frail and meagre and small
And the years' unlifted load
With a faitering foot she bears
Twink the tall banks to and fro
But her steps will ever stay
Ere the turn of the road—
Never roach it, you might guess
That they balt for feedleness.
Till you hear her story told.
For she says: "The children all
Are a weary while away;
Years long since I watched them go—
Twas when day came glimmering cold
Round the turn of the road.
And I'm lonesome left beaund;
Yet time passes, fast or slow,
And they're coming home some day,
They'll come back to me, they said;
Just this morn that's overhead
It might chance for aught I know.
"And that's always in my mind,
For I dream it in my sleep,
And I think it when I wake,
And when out of doors I creep
Toward the turn of the road,
Then a step I hardly make
But I'm saying all the while
Ere another minute's gone,
I may see them there, all three,
Coming home, poor lads, to me,
Round the turn of the road.
"But a stone's throw further on
If I'd creep to where it showed
Like a riband stretched a mile,
And the longest look I'd take
taw nought stirring on its white,
Sure my heart were fit to break.
"So before I come in sight,
Home I set my face again,
Lest I'd lose the thought that's light
That my heart begins to ache
Ere my foot is o'er the still,
I can think I need it fret,
If they're maybe near me yet
At the turn of the road."

IN THE DEAD HAND. Theron Brown, in The Youth's Companion. They tell the tale unsmilling, old men their feurs beguiling As they can; Each annual November They sadden who remember Inkermann.

Yet of all that field one story tet of all that held one story
Shines through the gloom and glory
Of the fight;
Over the cannons' roaring
There sings a lark song soaring
Out of sight.

Aloof, where men lay bleeding, In fatal pain whose pleading Made no cry, Shot plerced and sabre-smitten, A young and gallant Briton Crept to die.

At sunset there they found him, With the rest snow around him, And his hand Laid on the Book whose healing All hearts to Heaven appealing Understand.

And 'neath his frozen fingers Those words whose hope outling Human strife Glowed like a star's reflection— And the Life."

people among whom he was thrown. Allusion

the lady. But when he had waited half an hour awful doubts began to assail him. After an hour had passed he imagined the letter had not reached the young lady. Some fatal mistake was making a fool of him. Still he waited on. After two hours he began to be ashamed of imself. She would learn that he had sat two hours in that deserted house and would leagh at him. At his the jumped up in a rage and ran to the door. He was opening it when a loud peal of laughter arrested him. He turned and saw the fair head of his adored emerge from under the softs. Her mouth was laughing, but her eyes were filled wilt tears, "Oh, you dear, good fellow, to wait all this while!" she said. "I wanted to see how many minutes a lover's patience lasts. How hard the floor is! Now, help me to get out, and then we will talk." In less than a week the marriage was arranged.

LITERARY NOTES.

That is a next touch of Mr. Stevenson's when in writag about American place-names he says that "Old rea M. abattan Bes Bke an Indian arrow-head under a team factory below anglified New-York."

" Is Life Worth Living," is said to be that book of

Writing of the Boston house of seventy years ago, Mr. Hale says in his "Atlantic" paper: "A handsome parlor then differed from a hand-ome parlor now mostly in the minor matters of decoration. The pictures on the rest, mirrors were large and handsome. would see some copies from well-known paintings in European galleries, and any one who had an Aliston were bare. In good houses, if modern, the walls of parlors would invariably be painted; but in older iouses there would be paper hangings, perhaps of landscape patterns. The furniture of a parlor would mir seated, with their backs against the walls; a sofa which matched them, also with its back against the There might be a rocking chair in the room, also; but, so far as I remember, other easy chairs, scattered as one chose about a room, were unknown.

"The (London) Author" keeps rolling the ball of discussion 'twixt the British publisher and writer; and all the newspapers take, now and then, a hand n the game. The "St. James's Gazette" scoffs at the writer. If authors, it says, "are too lazy or too careless to manage their own business aright, can they wonder if other men manage it for them and

ontributes to the August "Forum" a paepr on authorship in which he makes an interesting comparison between that and other learned professions. n the others, he says, "there are many great and

Francois Coppee, who has been called the French

Tennyson, is unmarried, and leads a quiet life of study in a quaint old house in the Latin Quarter of Paris. He works very slowly, producing comparatively little

disappearing and the two-volume one is taking its nee. "Why?" a publisher was asked the other day. Simply." he replied, "because movelists are not naking their novels so long as they used to." In a note to "The Critic," devoted principally

typographical errors, Colonel Higginson says that his wold friend, the late Professor Longfellow, after having the proofs of his 'Danie' read by at least opened upon a very sections misprint."

Here is Swinburne's latest verse-a "Jacobite song": Now who will speak, and he not,
And pledge not life, but give !
Slaves herd with herded cattle;
The dawn grows bright for battle,
And if we die, we die not;
And if we live, we live.

The faith our fathers fought for. The kings our fathers knew,
We light but as they fought for:
We seek the goal they sought for.
The chance they hailed and knew,
The praise they strove and wrought for,
To leave their blood as dew
On fields that flower anew.

Men live that serve the stranger; Hounds live that builtsmen tame Hounds live that huntamon tame These life days of our living Are days of God's good giving Where death smiles soft on danger And life scowls dark on shaine.

And what would you do other.
Sweet wife, if you were I?
And how should you be other.
My sister, than your brother,
If you were man as I,
Born of our sire and mother.
With choice to cower and fly
And chance to strike and die?

No churl's our old world name is. The lands we leave are fair: But fairer far than these are, But wide as lands and seas are, But high as heaven the fame is That if we die we share.

Our name the night may swallow,
Our hands the churl may take;
But night nor death may swallow,
Nor hell's nor heaven's dim hollow,
The stars whose height we take,
The star whose light we follow
For faith's unfaitering sake,
Till hope that sleeps awake.

soft hope's light lare we serve not, Nor follow, fain to find: Dark time's last word may smite her Dead, ere man's falsehood blight her; But though she die they swerve not Who cast not eye behind.

Faith speaks when hope dis-Faith lives when hope lies dead;
If death as life dissembles,
And all that night assembles
Of dreams by dawn lie dead.
Faint hops that sucles and trembles
May tell not well for dread;
But faith has heard it said.

Now who will fight, and fly not, And gradge not life to give!
And who will strike beside us
If life's or death's light guide us
For if we die, we die not:
And if we live, we live.

From The St. James's Gazette.

A NORWEGIAN REPUBLIC.

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON AT LAST NEARING

Christiania, July 7. History is being made rapidly in the Scandinavian Peninsula. Not in the memory of living men has political ogitation run so high as now; nor has it so surely taken hold upon the hearts of all the people. There have been, heretofore; proposals looking toward disunion. But they have ended as proposals, nothing more. Now if stronger movement in that direction is in progress, and it is so strong that it can scarcely be checked If stayed at all; it will be only temporarily, and at the cost of such a blow to the crown, and such a loss of royal prestige, as few monarchs have ever been called upon to endure.

It is a curious fact that this Nation which now so strenuously seeks independence has never, in all its history, enjoyed that boon. There are legends, it is true, of ancient Kings of Norway. Longfellow has enshrined one in the Saga of King Olaf. Probably there were independent chiefs, many centuries ago, ruling over much of what is now known as Norway. But in recent years Norway has not been a separate Nation. For centuries it was a Danish Province. In the changeful times of Bonaparte, in 1814, it was cut away from Denmark, and made an autono-But no king of its own was granted. On the contrary, it was put under the sway of the King of Sweden, who therein found consolation for the loss of his glorious Province of Finland, the Land of the Thousand Lakes.

This union was, and has ever been, exceedingly distasteful to both Sweden and Norway, for a vigorous detestation of the other abides in the heart of each of these peoples. Yet its advantages have been so manifest and so important that the Norwegians have tolerated it, and the Swedes have most resolutely maintained it: and are even now ready to go to war to prevent disunion. Vet the bond between the two has been of the slightest. Each nation has its own flag. Each has its own constitution, laws and Parliament, its own army and navy, its own fiscal Norway has a right to impose a tariff upon Swedish goods: and, indeed, to make any laws she pleases, regardless of her sister kingdom. Only, Norway is compelled to be under the King of Sweden, and to have her foreign affairs, both diplomatic and commercial, directed by a Swedish Foreign Minister. It is, ostensibly at any rate, upon this last

named point that agitation has been conducted, and that the ultimate breach is coming, or has come. In the diplomatic and consular service of the dual kingdom, both Norwegians and Swedes are employed impartially. The Ministers of Sweden and Norway, at Paris and at Madrid, for example, are Norwegians. So are many other representatives of King Oscar abroad. Yet the Norwegians are not satisfied. They want to be represented everywhere by Norwegians, and to have a Norwegian Foreign Office to direct the They want to conduct their negotiations with other countries entirely through their own Ministers, at home as well as abroad. That, at least, is their caim. And in it they are sincere. But that is not all. They want that, not for itself alone, or even chiefly, but for something else, which I'es beyond. That something is an independent Norwegian Republic. Their idea is: that if they can get an independent Foreign Minister and diplomatic service of their own, they will be able to form alliances and to make treaties that will powerfully aid them in the work of entire separation from Sweden. That idea is no doubt correct. But under the compact of 1814. Norway is not entitled to have a Foreign Minister of her own without the consent of the Swedish King and Parliament. So it is to extort, if possible, that consent that the present agitation was begun. Whether it will succeed or not is a problem. The King says, no. But constitutional kings are not omnipotent, and King Oscar's no may not be able to stand against the yes of the Norwegian people. The Swedish Parliament says no, also, and adds, "We will teach those Norwegians to talk Swedish!" But neither are Parliaments omnipotent, and that of Sweden may not be able to stand against the people of Norway.

Would Sweden take up arms forcibly to restrain the secession of Norway? The current belief is that she would not. Yet the utterances of many Swedish statesmen indicate the contrary. "Certainly, we would fight," said one in conversation a few days ago. "Did not Americans take up arms to prevent the disfuption of their Union? here different persons, finally received the published our own sake, but for Norway's sake as well. United, we form a Kingdom ranking only just below the Great Powers in importance. Divided, we should be two petty and inconsiderable States, des-

> The leader of the Norwegians is, of course, Biornstjerne Bjornson, farmer, novelist and statesman. He is unquestionably the greatest man in Norway, and will be the first President of the Norwegian Republic if that Republic shall be established in the near future, as now seems not improbable. And, indeed, he is worthy of such a position. An independent Norwegian Republic has been, and still is, the dream and the ambition of his life. To it his best thoughts and bardest toil are given. Years ago, when he first avowed his Republicanism, he was unpopular. Norway wanted independence, but under a King of her own. She was not yet educated up to Republicanism. Then, amid unpopularity, Bjornson began the talk of educating the people in polities. Now he has succeeded. Norway is Republican to the core. And he is by far the most popular leader in the whole country. He is not only a Republican, he is an advanced Radical; and as such he not only has a majority of the Norwegian Parliament, but of the Norwe gian people, also, at his back.

Bjornson's writings are well known to the world. And Norway is very proud of his fame as a writer. Yet, to-day, I think' he is held in higher esteem as a statesman and political leader. He is regarded as the destined liberator of his country, and as the founder of the Republie. He has, moreover, entire faith in himself, and in the success of the cause he champions. His oratory is superb. Nowhere else in Europe, now that Gambetta is dead, is there any like it. His speech is like one of his own Norwegian estaracts in the impetuosity of its flow. It sparkles and flashes and glows with enthusiasm. It roars and thunders with intense conviction. Whether of the public platform, or in his own house at Aulestad, before a multitude; or in the presence of three or four friends, he is one of the most masterful speakers in all the world.

His home at Aulestad is a typical Norwegian farm. It lies in the Gausdal valley, one of the choicest spots in the kingdom. The farm is large, but every acre is cared for earnestly. He is a believer in scientific agriculture, he and his youngest son; who lives with him and manages the farm. He has a number of tenants on his farm, who live in cottages, the rent of which they pay in labor on his fields. With them he is on the friendliest of terms, and it is his board that he has never had quarrel or controvers with one of them. He not only pays them liberal wages for their work, but he apportions to them each year a share of the profits of the whole

estate. His own house is a large and richly furnished mansion, bearing within and without eviden of wealth and cultured taste. Here he lives with his wife, his younger daughter, and his youngest son. But the family are almost never alone. Generally half a dozen or more visitors are at the house. And sometimes there is such a flocking thither of politicians as to justify the saying, that Aulestad is a rival to the royal palace at Stockholm. Yet, with all, Bjornson is a man of simple; unpretentious life. "I am a peasant," he says, "and I shall ever be nothing but a Norwegian peasant." Such is the man who does not hesitate to put himself against King Oscar, the descendant of Bernadotte, and within whose hands are held the destinies of Norway, and, perhaps, not enis of Norway; but of all the Scandinavian lands.